

## Saint Bernards Vision.

OR,

310

A bricfe Discourse ( Dialogue-wise ) betweene the Soule and the Body of a damned man newly deceased, laying open the faults of each other : With a speech of the Diuels in Hell. To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe.*



The Writer speaketh.

**A**s I lay slumbring in my Bed one Night,  
A fearefull Vision did me soze affright:  
I thought I saw a Soule departed late,  
By it the Body, in a poze estate.  
Casting with sighes, the Soule aloud did cry  
Upon the Body, in the Coffin by:  
And thus the Soule to it did make her moane,  
With greivous sobs, and many a bitter groane.

The Soule speaketh.

O sinfull Flesh, which now so low doth lye,  
Whom yesterday the World esteem'd so hye;  
It was but yesterday the World was thine,  
Thy Sonne is set, which yesterday did shine.  
Where is that Traine that did attend on thee?  
Where is thy Spirth: where is thy Collie?  
Where are thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Treasure?  
Thy pleasant Walks, in which thou took'st such pleasure:  
Gone is thy Traine, thy Spirth to mourning turn'd,  
Thou in a Coffin in thy Shyine art Urnd:  
For thy rich Clothes, thou hast a winding-sheet,  
Thy high-built Roote now with thy Pole doth meet.  
But I (poore Soule) was fram'd a noble creature,  
In likenesse to my God, of heavenly feature:  
But by thy sinne, whilst I was on Earth abode,  
I am made fouler than a loathsome Toade.  
O wretched Flesh, with me that art so lowe,  
That well mayst with thou never hadst bin bozne;  
Thou never wouldst it to any god agree,  
For which we evermore shall damned be.  
I am and must for ever be in paine,  
No tongue can tell the torments I sustaine;  
Both thou and I, we must descend to Hell,  
Where we infyring flames for ever must dwell.

It was thy Wynde, Decesse, and Lazine,  
That brought these torments both on me and thee;  
Thy will, thy Children, Friends, which thou didst trust,  
Doth loath thy Carcas, lying in the Dust.  
The Woake of God, which is both true and sure,  
Witnesseth at large what sinners shall endure:  
Thou that within thy Bed of Earth art layd,  
Arise, and answer to these things I sayd.

The Body answereth.

I know the well, my Soule, which from me fled,  
Which left my Body senselesse, cold, and dead:  
Cease then to say, the fault was all in me,  
When I will prove the fault was most in thee.  
Thou sayst, that I have led thee oft astray,  
And from well-doing by a long time quite away.  
But if the Flesh the Spirths power can move,  
The fault is thine, as I will plainly prove.  
God you doe know, created thee most faire,  
And of Celestiall knowledges gave you share:  
I was your servant, sojourn'd of Dust and Clay;  
You to command, and I for to obey.  
It was in your power for to restrain my will,  
And not to let me doe those things were ill.  
The Bodies worke he from the Soule deribed,  
And by the Soule the Body should be guided.  
The Body of it selfe none ill hath knowne:  
If I did what thou bidst, the guilt's thine owne:  
For without thee, the Body resteth dead;  
The Soule commands, it rests upon thy head.  
So to conclude, thy guilt excuseth mine;  
Oh, how the wormes doe teare me in my Shyine!  
And therefore sware thou well, poore sinfull Soule,  
Whose triall past, past mine, though they are soule.

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## The second part. To the same tune.



The Soule answereth.

**M**ost wretched Flesh, which in thy time of life  
Wast foolish, idle, vaine, and full of strife;  
Though of my substance thou dost speake to me,  
I doe confesse I should haue bridled thee.  
But thou through love of pleasure sotte and ill,  
Still me resisted and wouldst haue thy will:  
When I would thee (O Body) haue controul'd,  
Straight the worlds vanities did thee withhold.  
So thou of me dost get the upper hand,  
Enthralling me in worldly pleasures band,  
That thou and I eternall shall be drownd  
In Hell, when glorious Saints in Heauen are crown'd.  
But flatter'ing fancies did thy mind so please,  
Thou never thought to dye, till death did seaze:  
This was thy fault, and curst is our fate,  
Which we repent, but now alas too late.

The Body speaketh.

Oh now I weep being scourg'd with mine owne rod,  
We both stand guilty 'fore the face of God:  
Both are in fault, and yet not equally,  
The greatest burthen (Soule) on thee doth lye,  
So wilt thou meane, but this for truth it knowes,  
That where most gifts of vertue God bestowes,  
There most is due, and ought repayed be;  
And unto this there's none but will agree.  
But wilfully thou yieldedst unto me,  
And to my vaine desires didst loone agree;  
But (oh) I know that at the latter houre,  
Both thou and I shall find a death most sore.  
I greatly feare an everlasting fire,  
Yet one thing more of thee I doe desire:  
Hast thou ben yet amongst the fiends of Hell?  
Is no hope left, that we with Christ may dwell?

The Soule answereth.

Fond flesh, remember Dives was deny'd,  
When for one drop of water he pray'd:  
Thy quest ion (senselesse Body) wanteth reason,  
Redemption now is hopelesse, out of season.  
While Body goe, and rot in bed of Clay,  
Untill the great and generall Iudgement day:  
Then shalt thou rise and be with me condemn'd,  
To Hells hot lake, for ever without end.  
So fare thou well, I must no longer stay,  
Marke how the fiends of Hell call me away:  
The losse of Heavens joyes tormenteth mee  
More than all tortures that in Hell can be.

The Divells speake.

Ho, are you come, whom we expected long:  
Now we will make you sing another song:  
Howling and yelling still shall be your note,  
And molten lead be poured downe your throat.  
Such horro; we doe on our servants load,  
Now thou art worse than is the crawling Load:  
Ten thousand thousand torments thou shalt bide,  
When thou in flaming Sulphure shalt be fride.  
Thou art a souldier of our campe enrol'd,  
Never henceforth shalt thou the light behold:  
The paines prepar'd for thee no tongue can tell,  
Welcome, O welcome to the pit of Hell.

The Writer speaketh.

At this the groaning Soule did weepe most sore,  
And then the fiends with joy did laugh and roare:  
These Divells seem'd more blacke than pitch of night,  
Whole horrid shapes did sorely me affright.  
Sharpe steely sokes each in his hand did beare,  
Tusked their teeth, like crooked mattocks were,  
Fire and Brimstone then they breathed out,  
And from their nostrils Snakes crawl'd round about.  
Foule filthy homes on their blacke hwoes they wore,  
Their nayles were like the tuskes of a Boare:  
Whole fiends in chains fast bound this wretched Soule,  
And drag'd him in, who grievously did howle.  
Then straight me thought appeared to my sight  
A beauntious young man, clothed all in white,  
His face did shine, most glorious to behold,  
Curlings like the Raynebrow, and his haire like Gold.  
With a sweet voyce, All haste, all haste (quoth he)  
Arise and write what thou dost heare and see:  
Most heavenly musicks seem'd then to play,  
And in a cloud he vanisht quite away.  
As waking straight, I tooke my pen in hand,  
To write these lines the pong man did com mand,  
And so into the world abroad it sent,  
That each good Christian may in time repent.  
Then let us feare the Lord both night and day,  
Preferre our Soules and Bodies wee thee pray,  
Grant that we may for run this mortall race,  
That wee in Heauen may have a resting place.  
Preferre the King, the Queene and Royall progeny,  
The Clergy, Councell, and Nobility,  
Preferre our soules, O Lord, we doe thee pray,  
Amen, with me let all good Christians say. FINIS.

Printed at London for I. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-spur street.